QUALITY COMICS GROUP
JANUARY No. 39 10¢
ICD 1

PLASTIC MAN

Who DARES follow PLASTIC MAN down the STAIRWAY TO MADNESS?

I WILL TRAIN YOU AT HOME FOR GOOD PAY JOBS IN RADIO-TELEVISION

J. E. SMITH has trained more men for Radio-Television than any other man.

America's Fast Growing Industry Offers You

2 FREE BOOKS SHOW HOW MAIL COUPON

I TRAINED THESE MEN

LOST JOB, NOW HAS OWN SHOP
"Got laid off my machine shop job which I believe was best thing ever happened as I opened a full time Radio Shop. Business is picking up every week."—E. T. Slate, Corsicana, Texas.

GOOD JOB WITH STATION
"I am Broadcast Engineer at WLPM. Another technician and I have opened a Radio-TV service shop in our spare time. Big TV sales here . . . more work than we can handle."—J. H. Bangley, Suffolk, Va.

$10 TO $15 WEEK SPARE TIME
"Four months after enrolling for NRI course, was able to service Radios . . . averaged $10 to $15 a week spare time. Now have full time Radio and Television business."—William Weyde, Brooklyn, New York.

SWITCHED TO TV SERVICING
"I recently switched over from studio work and am now holding a position as service technician. I am still with RCA, enjoying my work more and more every day."—N. Ward, Ridgefield, N. J.

WANT YOUR OWN BUSINESS?

Let me show you how you can be your own boss. Many NRI trained men start their own business with capital earned in spare time. Robert Debmen, New Prague, Minn., whose store is shown at left, says, "Am now tied in with two Television outfits and do warranty work for dealers. Often fall back to NRI textbooks for information."

1. EXTRA MONEY IN SPARE TIME

Many students make $5, $10 a week and more EXTRA fixing neighbors' Radios in spare time while learning. The day you enroll I start sending you SPECIAL BOOKLETS that show you how. Tester you build with kits I send helps you make extra money servicing sets, gives practical experience on circuits common to Radio and Television. All equipment is yours to keep.

2. GOOD PAY JOB

NRI Courses lead to these and many other jobs: Radio and TV service, P.A., Auto Radio, Lab, Factory, and Electronic Controls Technicians, Radio and TV Broadcasting, Police, Ship and Airways Operators and Technicians. Opportunities are increasing. The United States has over 105 million Radios—over 2,900 Broadcasting Stations—more expansion is on the way.

3. BRIGHT FUTURE

Think of the opportunities in Television. Over 15,000,000 TV sets are now in use; 108 TV stations are operating and 1800 new TV stations have been authorized . . . many of them expected to be in operation in 1953. This means more jobs—good pay jobs with bright futures. More operators, installation service technicians will be needed. Now is the time to get ready for a successful future in TV! Find out what Radio and TV offer you.

You Learn Servicing or Communications by Practicing With Kits I Send

Keep your job while training at home. Hundreds I've trained are successful RADIO-TELEVISION Technicians. Most had no previous experience; many no more than grammar school education. Learn Radio-Television principles from illustrated lessons. You also get PRACTICAL EXPERIENCE. Pictured at left, are just a few of the pieces of equipment you build with kits of parts I send. You experiment with, learn circuits common to Radio and Television.

Mail Coupon—find out what RADIO-TELEVISION Can Do for You

Act Now! Send for my FREE DOUBLE OFFER. Coupon entitles you to actual Servicing Lesson; shows how you learn at home. You'll also receive my 64-page book, "How to Be a Success in Radio-Television." Send coupon in envelope or paste on postal. J. E. SMITH, Pres., Dept. 3AK National Radio Institute, Washington 9, D. C. Our 39th Year.

Television Is Today's Good Job Maker

TV now reaches from coast-to-coast. Qualify for a good job as a service technician or operator. My course includes many lessons on TV. You get practical experience . . . work on circuits common to both Radio and Television with my kits. Now is the time to get ready for success in Television!

This Is Just Some of the Equipment My Students Build. All Parts Yours to Keep.

Good for Both—FREE

Mr. J. E. Smith, President, Dept. 3AK
National Radio Institute, Washington 9, D. C.

Mail me Sample Lesson and 64-page Book, "How to Be a Success in Radio-Television." Both FREE. (No salesman will call. Please write plainly.)

Name_____ Age_____

Address_____

City_____ Zone____ State_____

Approved under G.I. Bill

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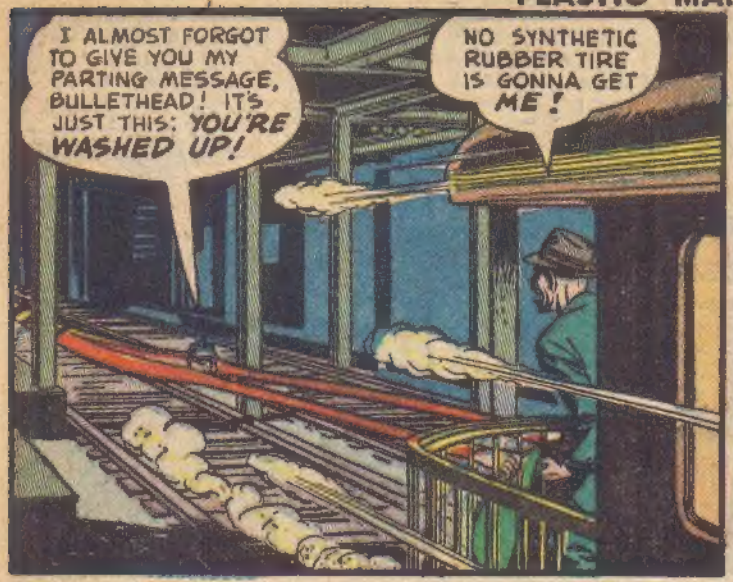
PLASTIC MAN
YAAAA-HAHAHAHAHAHAA
WHO DARES TO PUT HIS FOOT UPON THE STAIR?
REMEMBER, MORTAL, BEYOND LIES MADNESS! BEYOND AWAIT SUCH VISIONS AS NO LIVING MAN EVER LOOKED UPON! FOR THIS IS NO ORDINARY STAIRWAY! IT LEADS STRAIGHT INTO THE INFERNAL REGIONS WHENCE NO CREATURE MAY RETURN!
YES, PLASTIC MAN AND WOOZY ARE GOING TO ASCEND THE STAIRS! BUT WE WARN YOU: DON'T FOLLOW THEM! THIS IS...
THE STAIRWAY TO MADNESS!

JUST BEFORE THE TRAIN GATES CLOSED, BULLETHEAD BECKER AND HIS TWO BODYGUARDS APPEARED....
THE COAST IS CLEAR, BULLETHEAD!
YEAH! LUCKY THE F.B.I. DIDN'T GET WIND OF MY PLAN TO SKIP OUT!
ALL ABOARRDD!
I WON'T REALLY BE SAFE UNTIL I'M ON THE TRAIN, HEADING FOR....
WHAT IS YOUR DESTINATION BULLETHEAD?
PLASTIC MAN! TAKE CARE OF HIM, BOYS!
BAM! BAM!
YOUR DESTINATION IS THE NEAREST PENITENTIARY!
GLUHGGG!
THREE HUNDRED A WEEK BULLETHEAD PAYS ME TO BE HIS BODYGUARD! I'M GONNA EARN MY DOUGH!
OKAY THEN! I'LL HELP YOU EARN A YEAR'S BACK PAY— ALL AT ONCE!
YIIII!
2
BARROOM!
THERE GOES THE TRAIN! BULLETHEAD BECKER IS ON IT!


I ALMOST FORGOT TO GIVE YOU MY PARTING MESSAGE, BULLETHEAD! IT'S JUST THIS: YOU'RE WASHED UP!
NO SYNTHETIC RUBBER TIRE IS GONNA GET ME!

I KNOW A FEW TRICKS OF MY OWN! HOW DO YOU LIKE THIS ONE?
HUH?

WELL I'LL BE...! I SHOULD HAVE LATCHED ONTO SOMETHING LESS FLIMSY! BULLETHEAD WINS THIS ROUND!
HA-HA-HA! SO LONG RUBBERNECK!

BUT I'LL CATCH UP WITH HIM AGAIN! AS SOON AS THESE TWO GOONS ARE IN CONDITION TO TALK, I'LL MAKE THEM TELL WHERE BULLETHEAD BECKER WAS HEADING!
GATE 6

BUT A SHORT WHILE LATER...
PLASTIC MAN CAPTURED THOSE TWO BODYGUARDS OF MINE! THAT CALLS FOR A SHIFT IN PLANS! THEY'RE BOUND TO TELL WHERE I WAS HEADING FOR!

NO ONE SAW ME DROP OFF THE TRAIN AT THIS WHISTLESTOP! IT MIGHT BE A GOOD PLACE FOR ME TO LIE LOW FOR AWHILE!
HEY THERE, OLD TIMER!
ZZZzz. Zzz...

WAKE UP! I'M A STRANGER AROUND HERE... AND I WANT TO KNOW WHERE I CAN GET A NICE, QUIET PLACE TO STAY IN!
HUH?... OH, THERE'S PLENTY OF NICE, QUIET PLACES NEARBY, STRANGER! ONLY TROUBLE IS, THERE AINT NONE OF 'EM THAT'S FOR SALE OR RENT!

EXCEPTIN' THE DANNERWOOD HOUSE, THAT IS! BUT THERE'S NOBODY IN HIS RIGHT MIND GONNA RENT THAT PLACE!
WHY NOT?
'CAUSE IT'S HAUNTED, THAT'S WHY! BEEN STRANGE THINGS HAPPENING IN THE DANNERWOOD HOUSE FOR MORE'N FORTY YEARS! THINGS THAT WOULD SHRIVEL A MAN'S SOUL, JUST TO TALK ABOUT!
IT SOUNDS LIKE A PERFECT HIDEOUT! THESE COUNTRY FOLKS WON'T COME PRYING AROUND A HOUSE THEY THINK IS HAUNTED!
I'LL PUT UP AT AN INN FOR TONIGHT.... AND IN THE MORNING I'LL TAKE A LOOK AT THE DANNERWOOD HOUSE!
EH? YOU'LL BE SORRY IF YOU DO! I'M WARNIN' YOU!
BUT THE NEXT MORNING....
THIS IS IT! PRETTY ISOLATED, I'M AFRAID! MOST PEOPLE DON'T EVEN WANT TO LIVE IN THE SAME VICINITY!
DON'T WORRY! I'M NOT SUPER-STITIOUS!
AS A REAL ESTATE AGENT, I SHOULDN'T TELL YOU THIS! BUT THE STORIES ABOUT THE DANNERWOOD HOUSE AREN'T ALL MERE SUPERSTITION!
YOU MEAN YOU'VE SEEN GHOSTS?
NOT EXACTLY! BUT THAT STAIRWAY... NO ONE'S EVER FOUND OUT WHERE IT LEADS TO! YOUNG DANNERWOOD REFUSED TO LET VISITORS IN HIS HOUSE EVER CLIMB THOSE STAIRS!
THAT WAS FORTY YEARS AGO!
A FEW PEOPLE HAVE TRIED CLIMBING THE STAIRS SINCE! NONE OF THEM WERE EVER SEEN OR HEARD OF AGAIN! IT'S SAID THAT YOUNG DANNERWOOD WAS A DEVIL WORSHIPPER, AND—
NEVER MIND THE DETAILS! I LIKE THIS HOUSE, AND I'LL TAKE IT... AT MY OWN RISK!

THE SIMPLE-MINDED OLD FOOL! HE ACTUALLY TRIED TO TALK HIMSELF OUT OF A SALE! NO ONE'S EVER CLIMBED THIS STAIRCASE, EH? WELL, I'M GOING TO TRY IT!

AS BULLETHEAD BECKER PUT HIS FOOT ON THE FIRST STAIR, A FEELING OF COLD TERROR GRIPPED HIS BODY....
WH-WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH ME, ANYWAY? I-I'M ACTING LIKE A SCARED KID!
CREEEAKKKKKKKKKK

EACH STAIR CREAKED BENEATH THE UNFAMILIAR FOOTFALL.....

WITH A SOUND LIKE A HUMAN VOICE IN PAIN !!!

I-I'LL CLIMB THOSE STAIRS SOME OTHER TIME! MY NERVES ARE BAD...AFTER THAT BRUSH WITH PLASTIC MAN! THAT'S THE TROUBLE! I-I'VE BEEN UNDER A BAD STRAIN!

MEANWHILE, AT THE F.B.I. HEADQUARTERS...
BULLETHEAD BECKER NEVER REACHED HIS ORIGINAL DESTINATION, CHIEF! HE DROPPED OFF THE TRAIN SOMETIME DURING THE NIGHT!
WE'VE GOT TO BRING HIM IN!

GOSH, PLAS, HE SOUNDED MAD! WHAT'S THE NEXT MOVE?
BULLETHEAD BECKER IS A FREE SPENDER! HE'S GOING TO NEED MONEY! AND THE ONLY PLACE HE CAN GET IT IS FROM AN UNDERWORLD FENCE!
WE'RE GOING TO KEEP A CLOSE WATCH ON THE CRIMINAL SHYLOCKS! THEY MAY HELP US TO FIND A CLUE TO BULLETHEAD'S PRESENT WHEREABOUTS!
SOME DAYS LATER...
HMM! A LETTER FROM THE BIG BOSS! HE WANTS TO BORROW TEN GRAND TO KEEP HIM GOING UNTIL THE HEAT'S OFF!
I GUESS I'LL HAVE TO LEND IT TO HIM! IF I DON'T HE'LL SEND SOME OF HIS BOYS AROUND TO TAKE IT! SAY, WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH THIS COMBINATION LOCK?
IT TICKLES!
PLASTIC MAN!
THE GRAPEVINE WAS RIGHT! I HEARD THAT IF BULLETHEAD TRIED TO BORROW FROM ANYONE, IT WOULD BE YOU!
LET'S NOT BE SILLY, SHALL WE? YOU KNOW THAT BULLETS CAN'T HURT ME!
UHHHH!
SOCK!
I'LL TAKE YOU ALONG TO POLICE HEADQUARTERS... WITH THE EVIDENCE IN THAT SAFE!
HMM! THERE'S ONLY A POST OFFICE BOX LISTED HERE FOR A RETURN ADDRESS! BULLETHEAD'S PLAYING IT SAFE!
6

THAT SAME NIGHT AS THE FIRST RAYS OF MOONLIGHT FLOOD HIS BEDROOM, BULLETHEAD BECKER SUDDENLY SITS UPRIGHT, LISTENING!

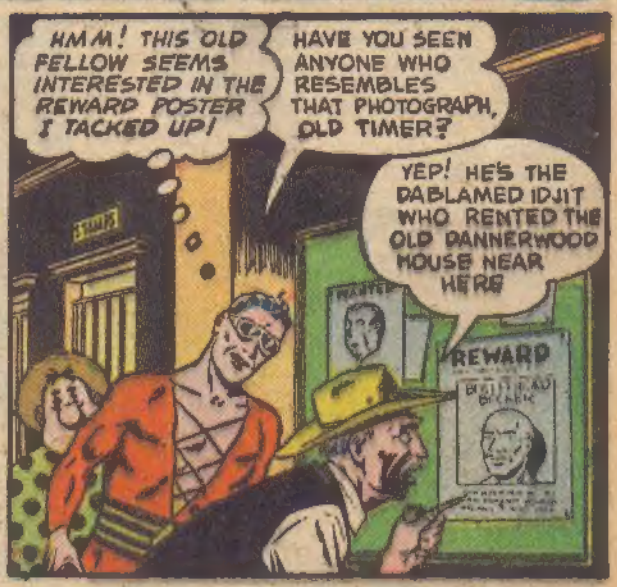
AND ONCE AGAIN HE HEARS AN ALL TOO FAMILIAR SOUND..

HMMMMM
TH-THIS IS THE FIFTH NIGHT IN A ROW I'VE HEARD IT! IT SEEMS TO GET LOUDER AND PLAINER ALL THE TIME! I-I CAN ALMOST MAKE OUT THE WORDS... IN SOME KIND OF A FORIEGN LANGUAGE!
MMM

WITH THE RETURN OF DAYLIGHT..
THE CHANTING HAS STOPPED NOW! I-I CAN'T TAKE MUCH MORE OF THIS! I'VE GOT TO LICK THIS THING BEFORE IT LICKS ME!

IT'S PROBABLY JUST... MY IMAGINATION! TODAY I'M GOING TO CLIMB THAT STAIRWAY, AND FIND OUT WHAT'S UPSTAIRS! THEN I WON'T BE AFRAID ANYMORE!

MEANWHILE...
ANY LUCK, WOOZY?
NOPE! HE DIDN'T ASK FOR ANY MAIL ADDRESSED TO THE POST-OFFICE NUMBER, PLAS! IF YOU ASK ME, WE'RE ON A WILD GOOSE CHASE!
GENERAL DELIVERY


HMM! THIS OLD FELLOW SEEMS INTERESTED IN THE REWARD POSTER I TACKED UP!
HAVE YOU SEEN ANYONE WHO RESEMBLES THAT PHOTOGRAPH, OLD TIMER?
YEP! HE'S THE DABLAMED IDJIT WHO RENTED THE OLD DANNERWOOD HOUSE NEAR HERE
REWARD

EVERYBODY KNOWS THE DANNERWOOD HOUSE IS HAUNTED! BUT THIS FELLOW WOULDN'T LISTEN, NO SIREE! I RECKON NOBODY'LL EVER SEE HIM ALIVE AGAIN!!
GIVE ME DIRECTIONS ON HOW TO FIND THE DANNERWOOD HOUSE!
REWARD
AND MOMENTS LATER....
CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT, NOHOW! AINT NO GOOD WARNING FOLKS ABOUT GHOSTS THESE DAYS! THEY'RE JUST PLAIN FOOLISH!
WHOOSH
WHAT A BREAK! WE'VE PICKED UP BULLETHEAD BECKER'S TRAIL! I CAN HARDLY WAIT TO MEET HIM AGAIN!
DIDN'T YOU HEAR WHAT THAT OLD MAN SAID, PLAS? TH-THERE'S GHOSTS IN THAT HOUSE!
THAT ISN'T GOING TO STOP US, WOOZY! YOU'RE NOT SUPERSTITIOUS, ARE YOU?
SINCE YOU PUT IT THAT WAY.... YES!
AT THIS MOMENT...
THERE! I'VE REACHED THE TOP OF THE STAIRCASE... AND NOTHING'S HAPPENED!
I KNEW IT WAS JUST MY IMAGINATION! THERE'S NOTHING UP HERE TO BE SCARED OF! I WONDER WHY THIS ROOM IS CLOSED OFF WITH AN IRON DOOR, THOUGH!
EEEAHHH!

SKELETONS... SITTING AROUND BEFORE THAT DEVIL'S ALTAR! YIIIIIII! I'M GETTING OUT OF HERE!
PLASTIC MAN!
YOU'VE NO IDEA HOW DELIGHTED I AM TO SEE YOU, BULLETHEAD!
THAT RUBBER LAWMAN TRACKED ME HERE! I'VE GOTTA FIND A PLACE TO HIDE!
SLAM!
IS THAT NICE? YOU SLAMMED THE DOOR IN MY FACE!
YOU G!*%!! FREAK! I'LL FIX YOU!
I'LL BOIL YOU INTO A VAT OF MOLTEN RUBBER!
HEY!
KRASH!
HA-HA-HA-HA!
WHEW! I NEARLY MADE GOOD ON THAT TREAT!
PLAS, COME BACK! THIS JOINT IS ON FIRE!
I SAW WHERE BULLETHEAD BECKER WENT! AND I'M NOT LEAVING WITHOUT HIM!

THAT WAS BULLETHEAD'S VOICE! HE'S INSIDE!
AAAAAA
YAAAA
WITH A SINGLE POWERFUL WRENCH, PLASTIC MAN RIPS THE IRON DOOR FROM ITS HINGES!
THEN HE STOPS, AS IN THE FLAME-WREATHED SMOKE OF THE ROOM, HE SEES A DREADFUL VISION!
NO!
AND THE NEXT INSTANT...
TH-THE HOUSE COLLAPSED! PLAS IS STILL INSIDE!
WHAROOOM!
PLAS!
A CLOSE CALL! I HAD TO MOVE FAST, GETTING DOWN TO THE BASEMENT JUST BEFORE THE HOUSE CAVED IN!
DON'T BLAME YOURSELF, PLAS! YOU DIDN'T HAVE A CHANCE TO SAVE BULLETHEAD!
IT-IT'S NOT THAT, WOOZY! I SAW SOMETHING UPSTAIRS IN THAT HOUSE JUST BEFORE THE FLAMES SWEPT THROUGH IT! AND I-I JUST CAN'T BELIEVE WHAT I SAW!
LATER...
YOU SAY THAT YOUNG DANNERWOOD AND HIS DISCIPLES OF EVIL MYSTERIOUSLY DISAPPEARED? NO ONE KNOWS WHAT HAPPENED TO THEM!
SOME SAY THE DEVIL HIMSELF CAME DOWN TO CLAIM THEM! AND THERE'S OTHERS WHO TELL HOW DANNERWOOD AND HIS FRIENDS STILL GATHER IN THE OLD HOUSE... TO PERFORM THE OLD RITUALS, AND OFFER UP HUMAN SACRIFICES TO SATAN!
I DUNNO THE TRUTH OF IT... AND DON'T WANT TO! BUT I FIGGER IT'S JUST AS WELL THE DANNERWOOD HOUSE BURNED TO THE GROUND!
I COULD HAVE BEEN MISTAKEN ABOUT WHAT I SAW! I'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO TELL IT TO ANYONE! IN ANY EVENT, THE CASE OF BULLETHEAD BECKER IS CLOSED!

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WOOZY
GULP! I D-DONT BELIEVE IN GHOSTS... BUT SEEING IS BELIEVING!

...SO AFTER I CLEANED UP THE JEWEL THIEVES, THE BANK ROBBERS AND THE FORIEGN SPIES THE CHIEF TOLD ME I'D BETTER TAKE A VACATION!

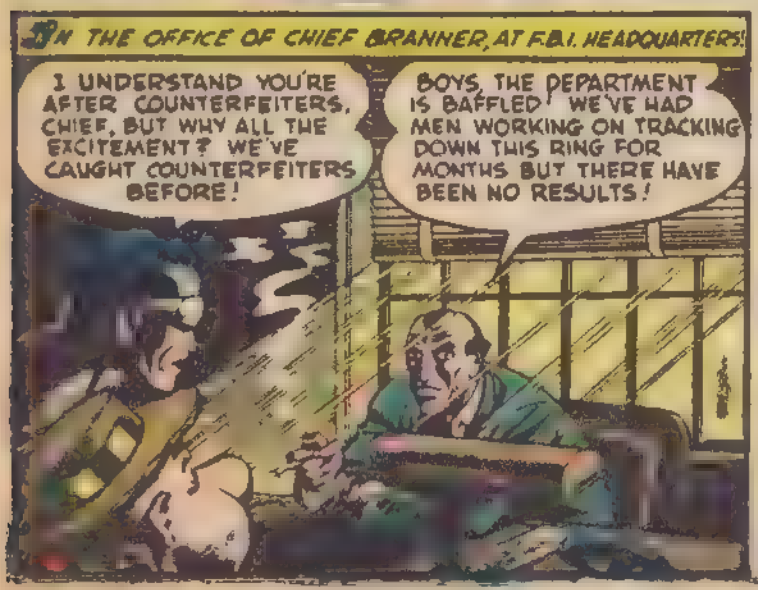
SO THAT'S WHY I CAME OUT HERE TO THE FARM, FOR A REST!
GOSH, WOOZY, YOU MUST BE THE MAINSTAY OF THE F.B.I.!

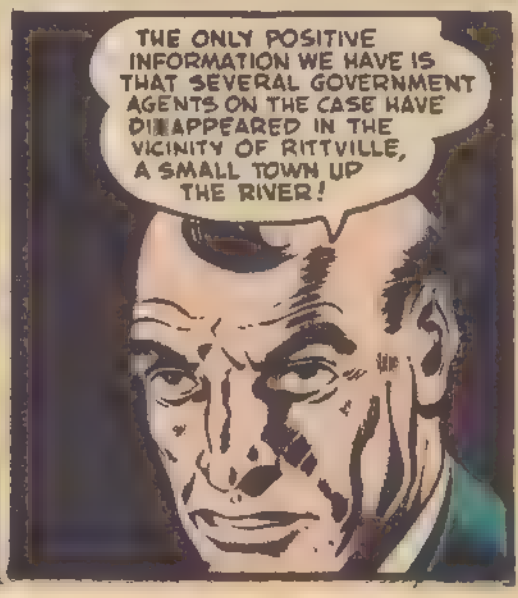
WELL, I DON'T THINK THEY'LL CLOSE DOWN WITHOUT ME, FRED, BUT I'M SURE THEY'LL HOLD THE IMPORTANT CASES - - - -
THEN YOU'RE JUST THE FEARLESS MAN WE NEED TO INVESTIGATE THAT OLD HAUNTED HOUSE IN THE VALLEY THAT HAS EVERY-ONE SO SCARED!
WHY, SURE- HUH?
GOOD! THEN I'LL MEET YOU TONIGHT AND WE'LL GO THERE TOGETHER!
THAT NIGHT....
THERE IT IS UP AHEAD!
FRED, DON'T YOU THINK YOU'D RATHER GO INTO TOWN AND SEE A MOVIE?
NO, I WANT TO SEE — LOOK! THERE'S SOME LIGHT IN THE BUILDING!
COME ON! LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!
WOOZY! YOU'RE NOT SCARED, ARE YOU?
ME? HEH! HEH! NO! I WAS JUST WORRIED ABOUT YOUR SAFETY! COME ON, LET'S GO INSIDE!
WHAT'S THAT?
IT'S ONLY A LOOSE FLOOR-BOARD! GOSH, IT'S DARK IN HERE!
OUCH!
LOOK, WOOZY! SKELETONS!
I S-SEE!

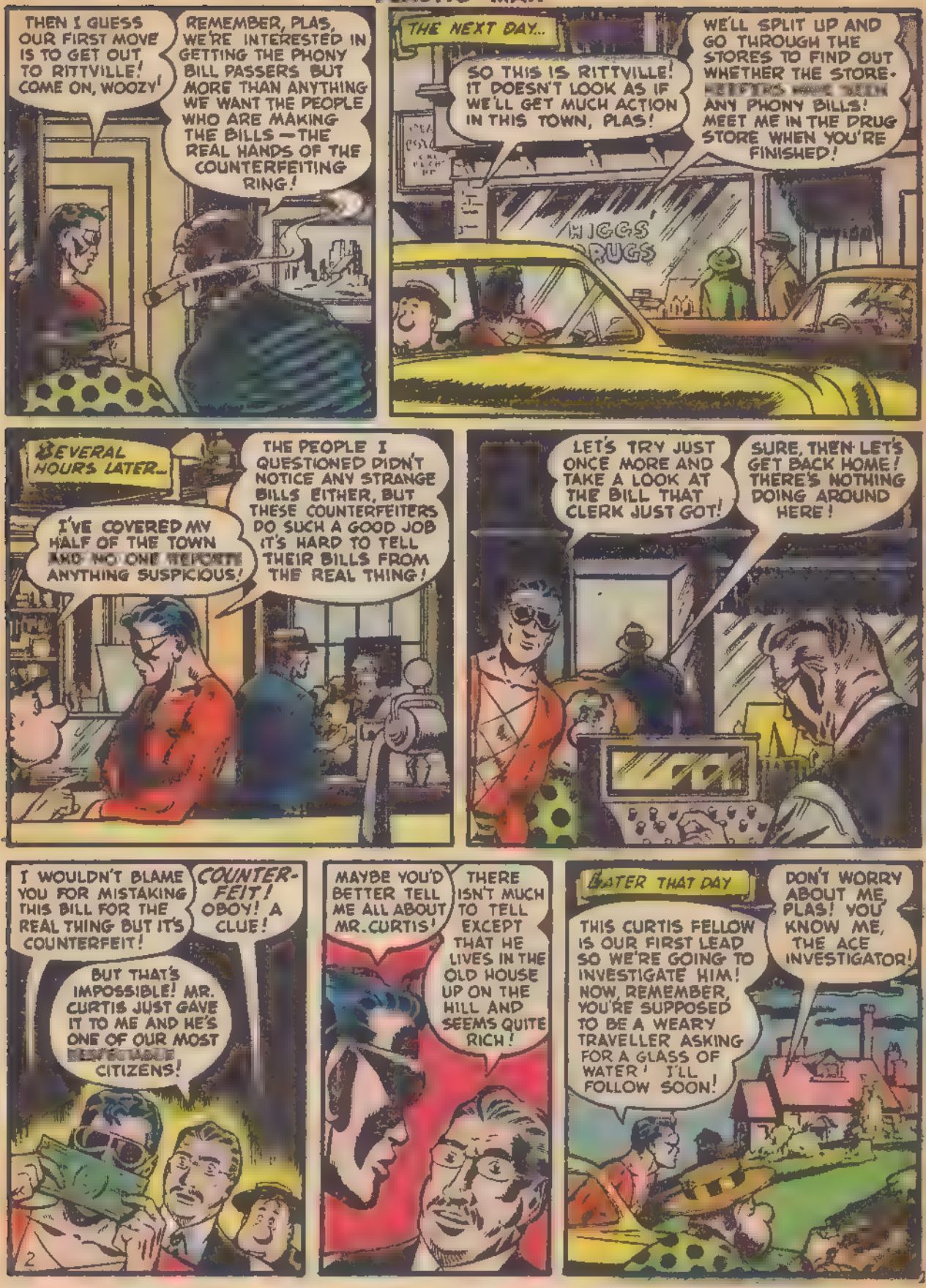
WOOZY, I WANT TO GO HOME!
THAT'S A GOOD IDEA!
BATS! LOOK OUT!
DUCK!
WHOOOSH!
OW! I'M CAUGHT! THEY'VE GOT ME!
YOUR FOOT WENT THROUGH THE FLOOR!
I'M STUCK! I CAN'T GET IT OUT!
YOU RUN BACK HOME AND BRING HELP! I'LL STAY HERE QUIETLY AND MAYBE THE GHOSTS WILL THINK WE BOTH LEFT!
I'LL BE BACK AS SOON AS POSSIBLE!
HOW COULD THIS HAPPEN TO ME? SOB! I'M TOO YOUNG TO DIE! I'VE GOT TO GET OUT!
SHORTLY AFTER...
I WOULDN'T GO NEAR THIS SPOOKY PLACE IF YOU ALL WEREN'T WITH ME!
YES, IT'S A GOOD THING WE WERE ALL AT YOUR PLACE, EMILY, WHEN FRED TOLD US WHAT HAPPENED!

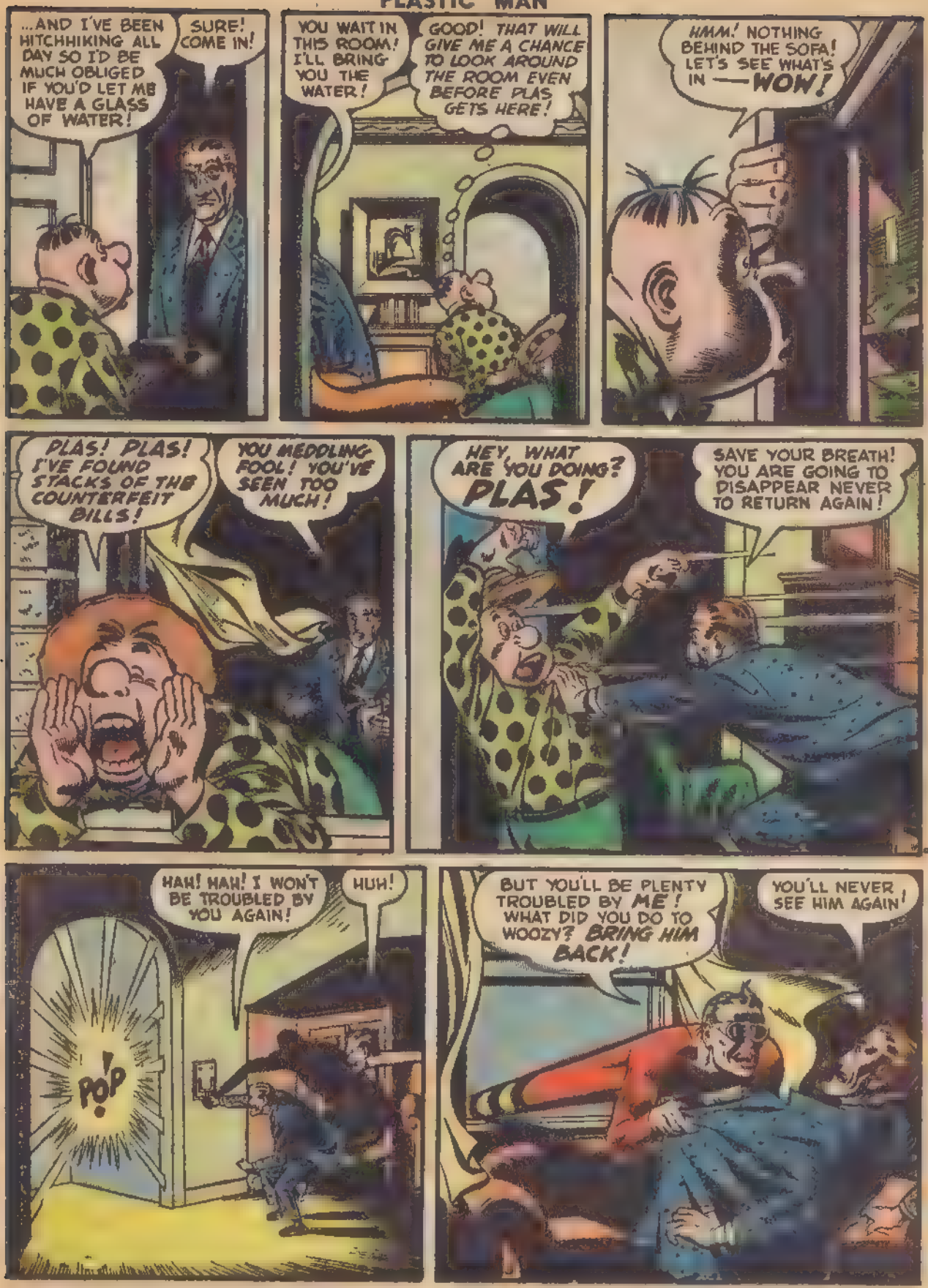
COME ON, MAW! WE'VE GOT TO SAVE WOOZY BEFORE THE GOBLINS GET HIM!
UGH! I'VE GOT TO GET FREE! OOF! I MADE IT!
RIP
CRASH
THESE ARE NO GHOSTS! THEY'RE OUR [redacted]!
ELMER! YOU SAID YOU HAD TO GO TO A GRANGE MEETING!
HUH?
GOSH... THE WOMEN-FOLK! THEY'VE FOUND US OUT!
SO YOU FIXED THIS PLACE UP TO LOOK SPOOKY TO KEEP US OUT, YOU NO GOOD LOAFERS!
AND ALL THE TIME YOU'VE BEEN USING THIS HIDEOUT WHERE YOU CAN MEET AND PLAY CARDS!
YOU'RE COMING ALONG HOME! I'LL FIND PLENTY OF CHORES FOR YOU TO DO!
THE NEXT MORNING....
PAW, DON'T YOU THINK WOOZY IS WONDERFUL THE WAY HE USED HIS F.B.I. METHODS TO CLEAR UP THE HAUNTED HOUSE MYSTERY?
HUH! SO HE'S THE CRITTER THAT'S RESPONSIBLE!
SHORTLY AFTER
....AND DON'T EVER COME BACK HERE YOU MEDDLING FOOL!
HALP! HEY! HOLD THAT TRAIN! I'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE!

PLASTIC MAN
IN THE FOURTH DIMENSION!
PLAS! PLAS! WHERE AM I?
YOU'RE IN THE FOURTH DIMENSION, WOOZY! HOLD ON! I'LL TRY TO PULL YOU BACK!
HAH! HAH! YOU'LL SOON BE WITH HIM, PLASTIC MAN!
IN HIS FIGHT AGAINST CRIME AND LAWLESSNESS, PLASTIC MAN, THE FEARLESS F.B.I. AGENT, HAS TRAVELLED THE WORLD OVER! NO POINT ON THE GLOBE, HOWEVER DARK AND DISTANT, HAS DETERRED THE RUBBERY DEFENDER OF THE LAW FROM TRACKING DOWN AND APPREHENDING CRIMINALS!
BUT NEVER BEFORE HAS PLASTIC MAN FACED THE EERIE AND UNCERTAIN DANGERS HE MUST COPE WITH WHEN HE DISAPPEARS
IN THE FOURTH DIMENSION!


IN THE OFFICE OF CHIEF BRANNER, AT F.B.I. HEADQUARTERS:
I UNDERSTAND YOU'RE AFTER COUNTERFEITERS, CHIEF, BUT WHY ALL THE EXCITEMENT? WE'VE CAUGHT COUNTERFEITERS BEFORE!
BOYS, THE DEPARTMENT IS BAFFLED! WE'VE HAD MEN WORKING ON TRACKING DOWN THIS RING FOR MONTHS BUT THERE HAVE BEEN NO RESULTS!

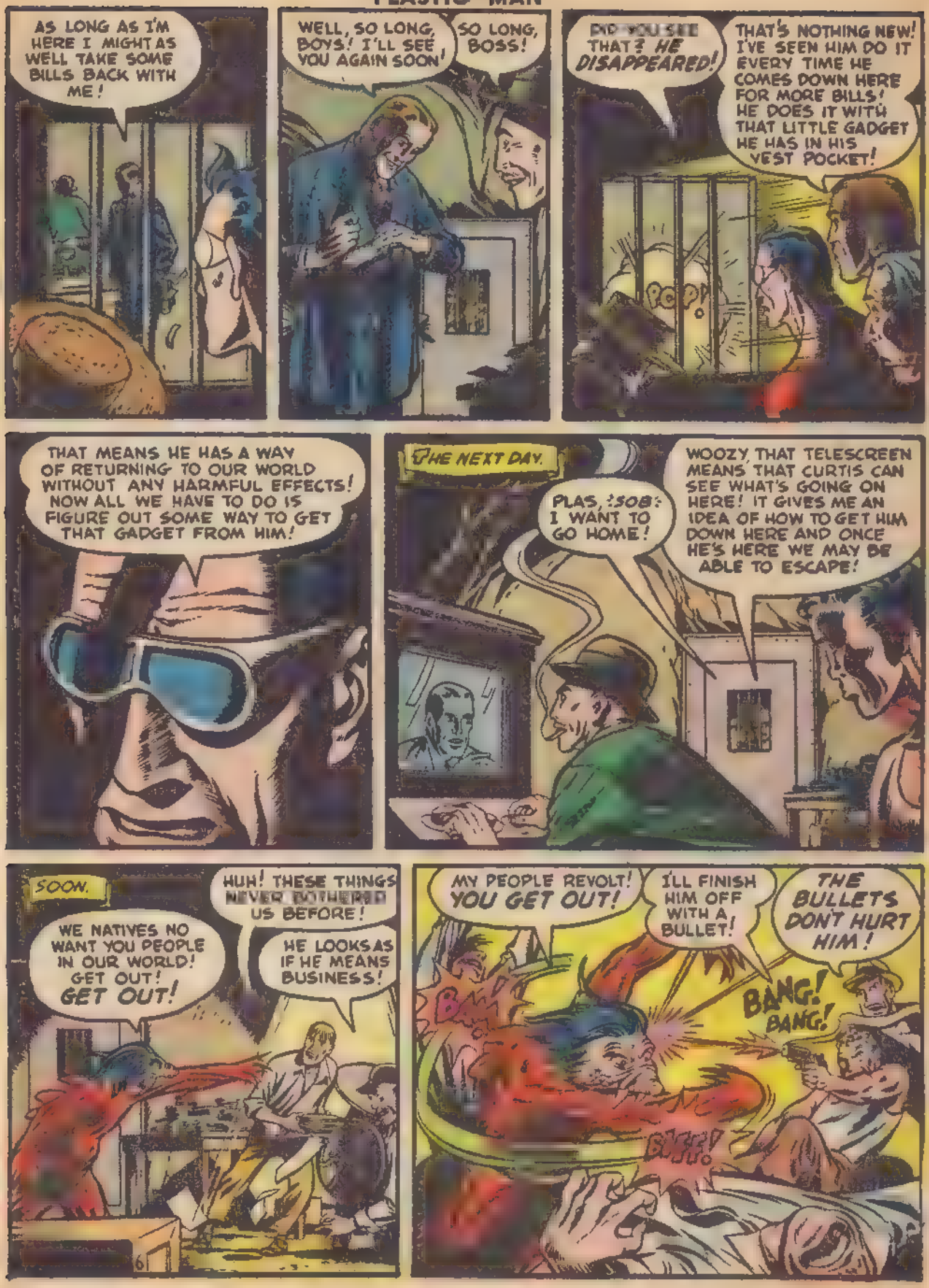

THE ONLY POSITIVE INFORMATION WE HAVE IS THAT SEVERAL GOVERNMENT AGENTS ON THE CASE HAVE DISAPPEARED IN THE VICINITY OF RITTVILLE, A SMALL TOWN UP THE RIVER!


THEN I GUESS OUR FIRST MOVE IS TO GET OUT TO RITTVILLE! COME ON, WOOZY!
REMEMBER, PLAS, WE'RE INTERESTED IN GETTING THE PHONY BILL PASSERS BUT MORE THAN ANYTHING WE WANT THE PEOPLE WHO ARE MAKING THE BILLS — THE REAL HANDS OF THE COUNTERFEITING RING!
THE NEXT DAY...
SO THIS IS RITTVILLE! IT DOESN'T LOOK AS IF WE'LL GET MUCH ACTION IN THIS TOWN, PLAS!
WE'LL SPLIT UP AND GO THROUGH THE STORES TO FIND OUT WHETHER THE STORE-KEEPERS HAVE SEEN ANY PHONY BILLS! MEET ME IN THE DRUG STORE WHEN YOU'RE FINISHED!
HIGGS DRUGS
SEVERAL HOURS LATER...
I'VE COVERED MY HALF OF THE TOWN AND NO ONE REPORTS ANYTHING SUSPICIOUS!
THE PEOPLE I QUESTIONED DIDN'T NOTICE ANY STRANGE BILLS EITHER, BUT THESE COUNTERFEITERS DO SUCH A GOOD JOB IT'S HARD TO TELL THEIR BILLS FROM THE REAL THING!
LET'S TRY JUST ONCE MORE AND TAKE A LOOK AT THE BILL THAT CLERK JUST GOT!
SURE, THEN LET'S GET BACK HOME! THERE'S NOTHING DOING AROUND HERE!
I WOULDN'T BLAME YOU FOR MISTAKING THIS BILL FOR THE REAL THING BUT IT'S COUNTERFEIT!
COUNTER-FEIT! OBOY! A CLUE!
BUT THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE! MR. CURTIS JUST GAVE IT TO ME AND HE'S ONE OF OUR MOST RESPECTABLE CITIZENS!
2
MAYBE YOU'D BETTER TELL ME ALL ABOUT MR. CURTIS!
THERE ISN'T MUCH TO TELL EXCEPT THAT HE LIVES IN THE OLD HOUSE UP ON THE HILL AND SEEMS QUITE RICH!
LATER THAT DAY
THIS CURTIS FELLOW IS OUR FIRST LEAD SO WE'RE GOING TO INVESTIGATE HIM! NOW, REMEMBER, YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE A WEARY TRAVELLER ASKING FOR A GLASS OF WATER! I'LL FOLLOW SOON!
DON'T WORRY ABOUT ME, PLAS! YOU KNOW ME, THE ACE INVESTIGATOR!


...AND I'VE BEEN HITCHHIKING ALL DAY SO I'D BE MUCH OBLIGED IF YOU'D LET ME HAVE A GLASS OF WATER!
SURE! COME IN!
YOU WAIT IN THIS ROOM! I'LL BRING YOU THE WATER!
GOOD! THAT WILL GIVE ME A CHANCE TO LOOK AROUND THE ROOM EVEN BEFORE PLAS GETS HERE!
HMM! NOTHING BEHIND THE SOFA! LET'S SEE WHAT'S IN — WOW!
PLAS! PLAS! I'VE FOUND STACKS OF THE COUNTERFEIT BILLS!
YOU MEDDLING FOOL! YOU'VE SEEN TOO MUCH!
HEY, WHAT ARE YOU DOING? PLAS!
SAVE YOUR BREATH! YOU ARE GOING TO DISAPPEAR NEVER TO RETURN AGAIN!
HAH! HAH! I WON'T BE TROUBLED BY YOU AGAIN!
HUH!
POP!
BUT YOU'LL BE PLENTY TROUBLED BY ME! WHAT DID YOU DO TO WOOZY? BRING HIM BACK!
YOU'LL NEVER SEE HIM AGAIN!

TELL ME WHERE HE IS OR I'LL BEAT YOU TO A PULP!
OW! DON'T HIT ME! I'LL SHOW YOU WHERE YOUR FRIEND IS!
SOCK!
THERE HE IS! OUT IN FOURTH DIMENSIONAL SPACE WHERE NO ONE CAN REACH HIM!
BRING HIM BACK! DO YOU HEAR? BRING WOOZY BACK!
ALL RIGHT! I'LL DO IT BUT HE WILL BE SORRY! I WARN YOU THAT YOUR FRIEND WILL NOT WANT TO RETURN AFTER THE CHANGE THAT HAPPENS TO ONE BROUGHT BACK FROM THE FOURTH DIMENSION!
LET ME WORRY ABOUT THAT! YOU BRING HIM BACK!
WOOZY
I TOLD YOU THIS WOULD HAPPEN!
PLAS! AM I GLAD TO SEE YOU!
WOOZY! WHAT HAS HE DONE TO YOU?
HEH! HEH! NOW I'VE GOT YOU, BOTH IN THERE!
YOU'LL BOTH DISAPPEAR JUST LIKE ALL THOSE OTHER GOVERNMENT AGENTS!
NO YOU DON'T!
GULP! THEY'RE GONE BUT HIS ARMS WERE OUT OF THE ALCOVE AND THEY REMAINED HERE!
POP!

AGH! HE'S CHOKING ME! I'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING!
I'VE GOT IT! I'LL GO INTO THE FOURTH DIMENSION MYSELF AND GET RID OF THEM THERE!
A FEW SECONDS LATER....
YOU ARE NOW IN THE FOURTH DIMENSION, PLASTIC MAN, AND SINCE YOU ARE LOST TO THE WORLD FOREVER, I DON'T MIND SHOWING YOU WHERE WE MAKE THE COUNTERFEIT MONEY!
THEN YOU ARE THE COUNTERFEITER, AFTER ALL!
SOON
HIYA, BOSS!
THESE MEN ARE WORKING FOR ME! THEY REALIZE WHAT WOULD HAPPEN TO THEM IF THEY RETURN TO THE OTHER WORLD SO THEY ARE HAPPY HERE!
HERE THEY LIVE LIKE KINGS WITH THE CAPTURED G-MEN SERVING THEM AS SLAVES! MEN! THROW HIM INTO THE CELL!
FROM NOW ON, PLASTIC MAN, YOU WILL EITHER SERVE MY MEN OR YOU WON'T EAT! I WARN YOU! IN THIS WORLD IT'S BEST TO DO AS I SAY!
G-GOSH, PLAS, WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO NOW? THERE ARE NO TRAINS OUT OF THIS PLACE AND EVEN IF WE COULD GET OUT— YOU SAW WHAT HAPPENED TO ME!
I DON'T KNOW WHAT WE'RE GOING TO DO, MEN! IT LOOKS PRETTY HOPELESS!
5


AS LONG AS I'M HERE I MIGHT AS WELL TAKE SOME BILLS BACK WITH ME!
WELL, SO LONG, BOYS! I'LL SEE YOU AGAIN SOON!
SO LONG, BOSS!
DID YOU SEE THAT? HE DISAPPEARED!
THAT'S NOTHING NEW! I'VE SEEN HIM DO IT EVERY TIME HE COMES DOWN HERE FOR MORE BILLS! HE DOES IT WITH THAT LITTLE GADGET HE HAS IN HIS VEST POCKET!
POOF!
THAT MEANS HE HAS A WAY OF RETURNING TO OUR WORLD WITHOUT ANY HARMFUL EFFECTS! NOW ALL WE HAVE TO DO IS FIGURE OUT SOME WAY TO GET THAT GADGET FROM HIM!
THE NEXT DAY.
PLAS, SOB! I WANT TO GO HOME!
WOOZY, THAT TELESCREEN MEANS THAT CURTIS CAN SEE WHAT'S GOING ON HERE! IT GIVES ME AN IDEA OF HOW TO GET HIM DOWN HERE AND ONCE HE'S HERE WE MAY BE ABLE TO ESCAPE!
SOON.
WE NATIVES NO WANT YOU PEOPLE IN OUR WORLD! GET OUT! GET OUT!
HUH! THESE THINGS NEVER BOTHERED US BEFORE!
HE LOOKS AS IF HE MEANS BUSINESS!
MY PEOPLE REVOLT! YOU GET OUT!
I'LL FINISH HIM OFF WITH A BULLET!
THE BULLETS DON'T HURT HIM!
BANG!
BANG! BANG!
BUFF!

YEAH, BOSS, IT'S A REVOLT! I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO! YOU'D BETTER GET HERE!
I'LL BE RIGHT THERE!
BIFF!
BAM!
SHORTLY AFTER...
?
?
BUT THIS IS GOING TO HURT YOU, CURTIS!
SOCK!
UGH!
AND NOW THAT I'VE GOT THIS LITTLE GADGET, I'M IN CONTROL OF THE SITUATION HERE! YOU MEN OPEN UP THAT CELL!
Y-YES, SIR!
NOW WE'LL ALL HOLD HANDS TO MAKE AN UNBROKEN CHAIN AND HOPE THIS GADGET WORKS!
A FEW SECONDS LATER...
WE MADE IT!
WE'RE BACK AND I'M STILL YOUNG AND HANDSOME!
LATER.
...SO THAT'S THE WHOLE STORY, CHIEF! HERE ARE YOUR PRISONERS!
THIS TIME, PLAS, I'M NOT FAR WRONG WHEN I SAY AS A LAW-ENFORCEMENT MAN YOU ARE OUT OF THIS WORLD!
F.B.I.

Suspicion of MURDER

SHORTLY after Tom Jones left for New York to take a job on a newspaper, Jake Morris came to work on the widow Jones' farm. According to his mother's letters, Jake was an efficient hand and a great help around the handsome, old farm house. It needed lots of repairs and Mrs. Jones wrote happily that Jake took to all the odd jobs like a duck to water. Tom was very surprised to hear, a short six weeks later, that his mother and Jake had been married. It wasn't that Tom had anything against Jake. He'd never met the man, but it seemed that since his mother had been a widow for five years, she might have taken a little more time to decide definitely on who the next groom might be. He must have sounded a little sarcastic in his letter home congratulating the bridal couple, because he got a fast reply from his mother, telling him again how wonderful Jake was, and how well he was taking over the management of the whole farm. He had even hired a new man to take over part of the chores. Tom thought about the money his father had left, and the mortgage-free land and home. He wasn't a suspicious guy normally, but his brief reporting career had given him another outlook on his fellow man and he considered the great step up in the world that Jake had taken. In a couple of months he had progressed from a hired hand to master of the lands.

Then one day, he got a letter from home written in a strange hand. It was from Jake. He was writing the regular weekly letter because "mom," as he called her, wasn't feeling too well right now and she wanted to be sure her boy got word of the family. Tom didn't understand his mother's illness. She'd always been in excellent health and certainly she couldn't be too ill to write him a letter. A couple of days later there was another letter from Jake. He said that Tom's mother had taken a little vacation to rest up. She had gone out to Denver to visit Tom's Aunt Dorothy. This set Tom back, too, because his aunt had visited his mother shortly before she'd hired Jake, and as a rule, in these later years, the sisters didn't visit each other more often than once a year, sometimes even less frequently. The whole thing began to gnaw on Tom and he decided to take a leave of absence, and meet his mother at his Aunt's.

His plane landed in Denver the next morning, and he took a cab to his aunt's fashionable suburban home. She was very surprised to see him and even more surprised to learn that her sister was supposed to be visiting her. "Why, Tom," she said, shaking her head, "I invited both Ada and her new husband out here after she wrote that they were married. Thought they could make a wedding trip of it. But your mother wrote back and said that Jake had so many plans for the farm and had hired a new hand and he just didn't feel that he could leave the place at that time." "It's too fast moving for me, Aunt Dot," replied Tom. "And now I'm worried about mother. I'll catch the next plane and go to see my step-father."

Late that night, Tom tried to use his key on the front door of his home. The lock was changed. After considerable banging, an old geezer in a nightshirt answered. He was obviously surprised to see Tom, and introduced himself as Jake. He started by calling Tom "son," which irritated Tom. "I'm not your son, Jake," he snapped. "So let's not get too chummy on such short acquaintance, eh?" Tom nosed around the house a bit, with Jake at his heels. In his mother's room, he went to the closet. "It doesn't seem that mother took many clothes with her on her trip to Aunt Dot's," he said, slowly. "Oh, she said she'd be gone a few days and didn't need much, just took some of her trousseau duds with her," replied Jake. "Stuff you never did see, I guess." Tom whirled on Jake and told him that his mother wasn't at his aunt's and that his aunt knew nothing whatever of her proposed visit. Jake wasn't shaken, he just looked sad. "Sit down, boy," he said forlornly. "There's something I better tell you." Tom sat down, a hard, cold lump in his throat. Then old Jake launched on a tale about his mother running away with the new hired man. She'd been gone about a week and not a word had Jake heard. Seems that Jake had fired the new hand and the next day, he and Tom's mother left the farm together. Tom stared at the beady-eyed old gent, unbelieving. He knew his mother, she was not the runaway old girl that Jake was trying to make her. The lump stayed in Tom's throat and the blood beat furiously in his veins. "Station master saw 'em get on the eastbound train," sighed Jake.

The next morning, Tom checked with the station master. Sure, he'd seen them board the train. Must have bought tickets on board. In further questioning, it came out that neither of them carried any baggage. Tom lost no time in rounding up the sheriff, and telling him of his suspicions. "I think Jake might have killed her, Dan," he said. Dan put out a check on the missing hired hand with descriptions of Tom's mother. After a week, nothing turned up. Then the clerk in the railroad station in a small city nearby remembered seeing the couple get off the morning train. He thought hard and recalled that at noon of that same day they had returned to the station, the man was loaded with packages. They were heading for the ticket window when a man in a pick-up truck drove up, they got in and drove away with him.

From then on even the sheriff was convinced. It took weeks to break Jake. There were no bodies, no evidence. Then the reports came in on Jake's past record. He had been in and out of jail all his life, mostly larceny charges. Confronted with this, and the constant dunning Tom gave him, he finally confessed. He explained that he had killed them both on the trip home in the truck. He had framed it so the hired man would go along to carry her packages when she shopped, then surprised them by picking them up. The station keeper in the home town would notice that they didn't return on the train. The bodies were located buried in a lonely patch of woods near the farm. Jake had foolishly kept the gun. He was electrocuted last month.

PLASTIC MAN
THE QUIET ENGLISH VILLAGE WAS VISITED BY A TERRIBLE APPARITION! ONCE AGAIN, AFTER CENTURIES IN HIS GRAVE, THE SAVAGE LORD HALKEY AND HIS HOUNDS MADE DREADFUL SPORT WITH HUMAN LIVES!
PLASTIC MAN AND WOOZY PLUNGE INTO THE WEB OF EERIE DANGER AS THEY SEEK TO UNRAVEL THE MYSTERY OF.....
THE HOUNDS OF HORROR!
PLASTIC MAN AND WOOZY ARE TAKING A WELL EARNED VACATION TRIP TO GREAT BRITAIN!
I'LL TAKE THE BAGGAGE MYSELF! HERE YOU ARE!
!ULP! T-THANK YOU, SIR!
NOT A BAD LOOKING DUMP!
THESE OLD ENGLISH INNS ARE JUST WHAT THE DOCTOR ORDERED, EH, PLAS?
YOU SAID IT, WOOZY! I'M LOOKING FORWARD TO A WEEK OF ABSOLUTE QUIET AND PEACE FAR FROM CRIME AND —
YAHHHH!

WHAT'S THAT?
SOMEBODY SCREAMED BLOODY MURDER! HERE HE COMES, PLAS!
OHHHH! IT WAS HORRIBLE... HORRIBLE!
WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?
A-A MAN ON HORSEBACK! HE HUNTED ME THROUGH THE WOODS WITH HIS HOUNDS! T-THEY WOULD HAVE TORN ME TO PIECES!
IT DOESN'T SOUND POSSIBLE! WHAT KIND OF A MONSTER WOULD HUNT OTHER HUMAN BEINGS?
I CAN ANSWER THAT! HE UNDOUBTEDLY SAW THE GHOST OF THE EVIL LORD HALKEY!
A GHOST?
AYE... LORD HALKEY HAS BEEN DEAD FOR MORE THAN THREE HUNDRED YEARS! HE WAS A CRUEL TYRANT IN HIS DAY! MANY IS THE POOR SERF WHO WAS HUNTED AND KILLED BY LORD HALKEY AND HIS HOUNDS!
EVER SINCE, THERE'S BEEN TALK THAT LORD HALKEY HAUNTS THE COUNTRYSIDE THAT ONCE BELONGED TO HIM! BUT THIS IS THE FIRST TIME HE'S ACTUALLY BEEN SEEN!
NONSENSE! I DON'T BELIEVE IN GHOSTS!
IF YOU THINK THAT WAS REALLY LORD HALKEY YOU SAW, LET'S GO BACK AND RETRACE YOUR ROUTE!
I UH - DON'T THINK THAT WILL BE NECESSARY! YOU'VE CONVINCED ME! I ER WAS PROBABLY SUFFERING FROM AN OVER-ACTIVE IMAGINATION!

THAT NIGHT...
THAT FELLOW WASN'T CONVINCED AT ALL, PLAS! I COULD TELL BY THE WAY HE TALKED THAT HE STILL THINKS HE SAW THE GHOST OF LORD HALKEY!
THE INNKEEPER BELIEVES IT, TOO!
I GUESS THERE'S NO USE TRYING TO REASON WITH SUPERSTITION!
YEAH! SOME PEOPLE ARE JUST PLAIN DUMB! G'NIGHT, PLAS!
HUH! WHUZZAT?
SOUNDS LIKE A PACK OF HUNTING DOGS IN FULL CRY!
AROOOO

MADDENED WITH TERROR, THE HORSES VEER AWAY FROM THEIR BLOODTHIRSTY PURSUERS!
THEY'RE GOING OVER THE CLIFF!
I'D BETTER HURRY!
OOOOF!
WHUMNGGG!
YOU'RE SAFE NOW, MISS!
HOW CAN I EVER THANK YOU?
Y-YOU SAVED MY LIFE! WHEN THAT TERRIBLE MAN AND HIS HOUNDS STARTED TO CHASE US, I GAVE UP HOPE!
HMM! THEY'VE DISAPPEARED NOW!
WHERE WERE YOU HEADING?
MY BROTHER IS STAYING AT A COUNTRY INN NEAR HERE! I ARRIVED AT THE TRAIN DEPOT A SHORT WHILE AGO BUT THE COACHMAN REFUSED TO DRIVE ME TO THE INN!
4

HE WOULDN'T GIVE A REASON! JUST MUTTERED SOME GIBBERISH ABOUT A MEDIEVAL LORD HAVING BEEN SEEN HEREABOUTS! SO I HIRED THE CARRIAGE AND DROVE MYSELF!
AND YOU MET HIS MEDIEVAL LORDSHIP EN-ROUTE!
YOU MEAN THAT MADMAN WITH THE HOUNDS?
THAT'S RIGHT! HE'S SUPPOSED TO BE HUNTING DOWN ALL INTRUDERS ON HIS ANCIENT DOMAINS! YOU WERE SLATED TO BE HIS NEXT VICTIM!
LATER, AT THE INN...
I HAD NO IDEA SHE WAS YOUR SISTER, MR ASHLEY!
YES... WE'RE BOTH INTERESTED IN MICRO-PALEONTOLOGY! THAT'S THE STUDY OF TINY FOSSILS, YOU KNOW! I CAME HERE IN THE FIRST PLACE BECAUSE OF THE INTERESTING SPECIMENS IN THIS REGION!
BUT WE'VE HAD TWO NARROW ESCAPES FROM DEATH! I WON'T TEMPT FATE ANY LONGER! GLORIA AND I ARE GOING TO CHECK OUT... IMMEDIATELY!
OH, TOM, I HATE TO BE FRIGHTENED AWAY BY A SILLY LEGEND!
THAT FELLOW ON HORSEBACK IS JUST SOME VILLAGE JOKER... WHO'S CARRYING A JOKE TOO FAR!
JUST THE SAME, I'M TAKING YOU HOME!
WELL, THERE THEY GO! I CAN'T BLAME TOM ASHLEY FOR BEING ALARMED! BOTH HE AND HIS SISTER HAVE BEEN HUNTED BY THE PHANTOM HORSEMAN AND HIS HOUNDS!
AYE!
THEY'RE ONLY THE FIRST TO CLEAR OUT OF THIS SECTION! NOW THAT LORD HALKEY'S BEEN SEEN, FOLKS WILL MOVE AWAY FROM HERE IN DROVES!
TOO BAD! THAT MEANS THE END OF YOUR BUSINESS!

A SHORT TIME LATER, THE WILD CLATTER OF HOOFBEATS AWAKENS PLASTIC MAN...
GLORIA ASHLEY! WHAT'S WRONG?
LORD ASHLEY AND HIS HOUNDS! WE HEARD THEM AGAIN AND TOM WENT TO INVESTIGATE! HE NEVER CAME BACK!
I-I'M AFRAID SOMETHING TERRIBLE'S HAPPENED TO HIM!
DON'T WORRY, MISS ASHLEY! MY FRIEND AND I WILL FIND YOUR BROTHER!
I COULDN'T FIND A GOLDFISH IN A CLEAR BOWL OF WATER! CAN'T YOU GO ALONE?
NOPE! TWO OF US LOOKING JUST DOUBLES OUR CHANCES OF FINDING TOM ASHLEY BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE!
BOON..
HMM! WE'RE TOO LATE ALREADY! HERE'S WHAT REMAINS OF TOM ASHLEY'S CLOTHES... TORN TO BITS BY HOUNDS!
G-G- GOSH!
WE'VE GOT TO PICK UP THE TRAIL OF THE KILLERS! YOU GO THE OTHER WAY, WOOZY, AND HOLLER IF YOU SEE ANYTHING!
YEAH BUT WHAT'LL I DO IF ANYTHING SEES ME?
ARRRROOOOOOO
:ULP!: I HOPE I DIDN'T HEAR WHAT I KNOW I HEARD!
PLAS! OH, PLAS!
YIII! I TRIPPED!

I'M DOOMED! I CAN FEEL THOSE TERRIBLE FANGS TEARING INTO MY FLESH ALREADY!
GROWRR!
KLUNK!
OHHH... THE PAIN OF IT! THEY'RE RENDING ME TO BITS!
PLASTIC MAN !!
DID YOU SAY, PLASTIC MAN?
CURIOUS, ISN'T IT? OUR SPOOK KNOWS MY NAME... EVEN THOUGH HE'S BEEN DEAD FOR OVER THREE HUNDRED YEARS!
POW!
OF COURSE HE REALLY ISN'T A SPOOK AT ALL!
TOM ASHLEY! I THOUGHT HE WAS KILLED BY.... OH, GOLLY! NOW I'M ALL MIXED UP!
ASHLEY ONLY PRETENDED TO BE KILLED, SO HE COULD CARRY ON HIS IMPERSONATION OF LORD HALKEY! HE WANTED TO TERRORIZE EVERYBODY IN THIS VICINITY SO THEY WOULD SELL THEIR LANDS CHEAPLY!
MY STUDY OF TINY FOSSILS IN THIS REGION PROVED THAT IT'S INCREDIBLY RICH IN OIL! ONLY CERTAIN TYPES OF FOSSILS APPEAR IN OIL-BEARING STRATA!
I'D HAVE BOUGHT UP THE LAND FOR A FRACTION OF ITS VALUE I'D HAVE BEEN RICH! BUT YOU SPOILED EVERYTHING, PLASTIC MAN!
THAT MAKES US EVEN! YOU SPOILED MY VACATION!
GOLLY, PLAS, HE SURE WENT TO A LOT OF TROUBLE! HE WAS EVEN WILLING TO SACRIFICE HIS OWN SISTER'S LIFE!
HE WON'T BUY ANY CHEAP OIL LAND NOW! BUT HE'LL GET A FREE PLOT... A SIX-BY-EIGHT CELL IN THE STATE PRISON!

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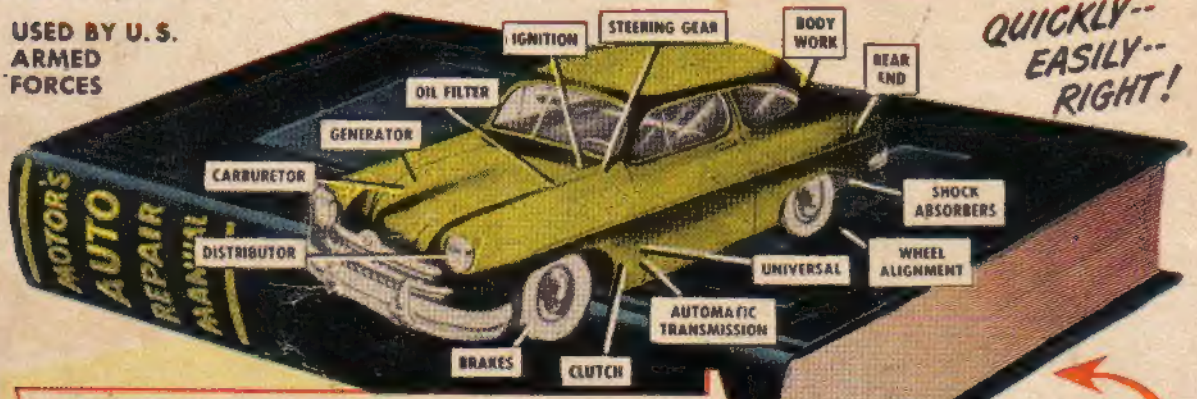

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